

YOUNG HEARTS

by Andrew "Change" Huang

When two hearts meet, they sing and dance;
They watch the clouds that twist and bend.

They sit and watch the bumblebees.
They sing along their symphony.

They stroll across the rosy field
and laugh as they roll down the hill.

They follow where the bobcats go,
into a dream where no one knows.

They listen to the water falls;
The two hearts beat the lion's roar.

The two hearts play the river reeds
and hold hand 'til they fall asleep.